

THE
~~MAD PRANKS~~

THE
OF

TOM TRAM,
SON-IN-LAW TO Mother WINTER.

Together with

His Merry JESTS, odd CONCEITS,
and pleasant TALES; very delightful
to read.

PART the THIRD



Printed and Sold in London.

THE

Third Part of

TOM TRAM:



CHAP. I.

Of Tom's getting forty-five Wenches
with Child, and his Escape from the
Constable.

NEAR the city of Exeter Tom had not long lived, but he grew very famous in telling young wenches their fortunes, who came to him from all the adjacent towns, to know if they should marry the persons they desired or not, and many other such like questions. But, when ever they came, he would take them up into his chamber, and if they were a little handsome he would be sure to write a line or two in every girl's memorandum book;

So that at last there was a general complaint against Tom for having cracked many of the choicest maidenheads in Devonshire; no less than five and forty being reputed to be with child by him.

Among these was Sarah, the righteous daughter of a Quaker, whose poor father Obediah verily fetched a warrant for poor



Tom, from Justice Shallow, and gave it to one William Wiseacre, a constable. — Now as they were going to the next Justice of the Peace, the constable and Tom, the Quaker and his wife, and the righteous daughter; and as they passed a Squire's lodge, from thence leaped out a thundering mastiff, who fastened immediately

upon the Constable, who being dreadfully frightened, roared out amain, meanwhile the Quaker and the rest ran away for fear. Tom, seeing the opportunity, took up the Constable's long staff, which he had dropped, and leaped over a ditch, and there left the Constable without his mark of authority. Thus was Tom delivered and freed from their fury.



C-H-A-P. II.

Tom hires himself to a Mountebank, and cures a Country Squire of a Consumption.

TOM having thus gained his liberty, was resolv'd not to let the grass grow under his heels, and posted forwards as fast as possible, till he came to a market-town, where a Mountebank had erected a stage, on which he was making a fine speech to the people, about the wonderful cures he had effected.

Tom waited patiently till he had done his harangue, and then asked him if he wanted a map? Why, said the Mountebank, what canst thou do? Quoth Tom, I can tell fortunes, and recover lost goods. The Mountebank was right joyful to meet with such a servant, and so gave him present entertainment.

Now it happened shortly after that the Doctor sent Tom with a bottle of cordial to a Country Squire, who had long been

in a consumption. It happened as Tom was getting over a stile he broke the bottle, and spilt the liquor, which put him in a peck of troubles.—If I go back, thought he, and tell my master, I may be in danger of losing my place, and if I go to the Squire, what excuse can I make? At length he resolved to get a bottle like that which was broken, and fill it with water mixed with a soft green cow-turd, when he formed a very uncommon julep, of a strange colour, much like a quack medicine. This he left for the Squire, with directions how to take it, and in less than a week's time he mended to a miracle, and came over to the Doctor to pay him, and returned him thanks for his cure. Tom observing him, as soon as the Squire was gone, cried out to his master, O the cow-turd! the cow-turd! and then related the whole story, which made the Mountebank laugh heartily: However, he resolved within himself to make use of the same medicine ever after on the like occasion.

C H A P. III.

Of Tom and his Master's Progress, with
what happened on their Journey.

NOW the Doctor, and his man Tom, being on the road together, Tom said, Methinks it is melancholy riding, if you are willing, we will make verses to divert the time. With all my heart, says the Mountebank; and accordingly being near Abingdon he began thus :

God-a-mercy Abingdon,
God-a-mercy; Oh !
Thou hast a spine
Like the sheath of a dagger,

Rarely well done, quoth Tom.—The master replied, Now it is your turn. At which Tom began thus:

God-a-mercy master,
God-a-mercy, Oh !
You have a head
Like unto a brass kettle.

Why, you impudent rascal, said his master, do you compare my head unto brass kettle? After this they rode silent the remaining part of the day; the Doctor being in the dumps would not speak, explain, or excuse himself; nor would he permit Tom to remain in his presence at night.

Tom passed away the time as well as he could till morning, when the chamberlain came to Tom to know if his master chose to have a fire in his room? Yes; says Tom, but he will have no one to make it but myself. Then taking a brush under his arm, and a faggot on his shoulder, he went up, saying, as he entered the room,

Good-morrow, master,

Good-morrow, ho!

I have brought a faggot

Into your chamber, Oh!

Well, look you there, said his master, this is something like. Could not you have made this verse yesterday? But on the contrary, you must compare my un-

derstanding head to a brass kettle. Well for this verse I will pardon you; but be sure take care how you commit the like again.

CHAP. . . .

Of Tom's farther Proceedings on the Journey with his Master.

NOW against his master was dressed. Tom ordered a breakfast to be got ready, with a bottle of wine to sharpen their wits. This being over, their horses were ordered to be saddled, and Tom and his master mounted very good friends again, and so proceeded forward on their journey. It happening to prove a very wet day, and the roads being deep and dirty, when they came to the inn at night, the Doctor ordered Tom to clean his boots against morning, which Tom promised to perform. But when the Doctor called for his boots Tom had not cleaned them, but brought them just as they had been pulled off. The Doctor

asked, Why are my boots not cleaned? Why, quoth Tom, what should I clean them for, while this weather lasts, they will be dirty again. At this the Doctor smiled, and seemed to take no farther notice of this neglect.

At noon, when they put up to dine, the doctor ordered a chicken to be roasted for himself, and that Tom might on account have any thing to eat. When the doctor had eat up his chicken, and ordered his horse out, Tom said, Hold, master, I have not had my dinner. If you had you would have been hungry again, said the doctor. Thus he treated Tom's belly, as he had done his master's boots.

C H A P. V.

Tom's Revenge on his Master for making him lose his Dinner.

TOM was sadly disturbed in his mind at the loss of his dinner; wherefore he made it his whole afternoon's study how to be revenged on his master, for serving him such a trick. A thought at last came into his head, which suited his purpose; for coming to an inn at night, he said to his master, Sir, will you please to have your boots cleaned and dressed to night? The Doctor replied, I will, so get them done.

The Doctor being a little fantastical in his diet, had a mind to have something called for the cook, and asked him if he could dress him up a dish in the French fashion or not? The cook, loth to discover his ignorance, said he could. Then the Doctor bid him shew his art, and let him have the supper served up with all possible speed.

In the mean time Tom had cleaned his master's boots, and hearing what had passed between him and the cook, resolved not to miss this opportunity of revenge for the loss of his dinner.—So Tom putting on a grave countenance, carried the boots into the kitchen, and bid the cook dress them for his master's supper. The cook replied, That will be a new found-out dish indeed, but I can never believe that your master sent them to be dressed. Yes, quoth Tom, but he did; and if you will not believe me, I will call to him, and you shall hear what he now says himself.—Doctor, said Tom, standing at the stair foot, will you have one or both dressed? He, supposing he meant the liquoring of the boots, cried out in a passion, You rascal, let them both be done, for what should I do with one?—The cook hearing what he said, immediately set on the great pot, and boiled the boots till they were tender, and then taking them up, chopped them as small as minced meat, and mingled the same with currants and spices, and simmered it together over a chafing dish of coals; and so served it up at the Doctor's table;

who liked his supper extraordinary well. Tom pretending to be sick, said he could not eat, so went to bed.

The next morning, when the doctor called for his boots, Tom cried out, Hey-day! would you have your cake and eat your cake? had not you them drest last night for your supper?

O, you rascal! says the Doctor, get you hence, you shall be no longer in my service. Content, says Tom, and so they parted.



C H A P. VI.

The Method Tom took with his Master to get his Wages.

TOM had not travelled far before he began to consider that he had not received any wages, and that it was but sorry travelling without money; and so he resolved to return to his master, and make a demand of his wages, which he did, but the Doctor refused to pay him. Nay, said Tom, I will be up with you for that. Upon which he got a warrant, and brought him before a Justice that lived in the same town. When the Doctor was come before his Worship, he alledged that Tom had very grossly abused him first, in comparing his head to a brass kettle; and secondly, in ordering the cook to boil his boots.— Well, quoth the Justice, young man, what have you to say to this? Why, said Tom, as to the first, I was forced to go to bed that night without any supper; and I think that

punishment enough for so slender an offence. And as for his boots they were bo led up, and dished for his own dset ; and he said himself it was the best supper he had eaten for seven years.

Said the Justice, if it be so, I have nothing to say against your servant ; you must pay him his wages, or I will send you to a place where you will not have so good a supper as your boots.

Upon which the Mountebank pulled out a large velvet purse, and paid Tom his wages.



C H A P. VII.

Tom hires himself to a Justice, and what Pranks he played while he was his Servant.

THE Justice at this time wanting a servant, and finding Tom to be a very lively fellow, asked him if he would serve him? Tom replied, with all his heart, he should be very glad to serve a gentleman, who had already taken his part when he was but a poor stranger.— They soon agreed about wages, and Tom was immediately entertained.

Here Tom had not lived long, before the Justice and his family were obliged to go to London, leaving no servant at home but Tom. Now in the Justice's absence the officer brought a lusty and tall young woman, with a complaint against a little man. Tom let them in, and so placing himself in his master's chair, he asked the woman, What injury this poor man had done her? Please your Worship, he has ravished me, and lain with

me by mere force against my will.—
Adzooks, quoth Tom, I think it impossible that such a little fellow as this could force such a strapping dame as you.

Alas! Sir, said she, although he is little, he is very strong.—Well, says Tom, little Whipper Snapper, what say you to this? Please your Worship, what she says is false; the truth is this: I have been a considerable time at sea, and being just come on shore, and received my pay, I met with this woman, and agreed with her for half a crown; and when the business was over, I pulled out my purse to pay her honestly what I had agreed to give her, but she seeing I had a sum of money, demanded ten shillings, contrary to our bargain; and because I would not give it to her, she has brought me before your Worship. Have you got the purse of money? Quoth Tom to the sailor: Yes, replied Jack Tar. Give it into my hand, said Tom. The sailor delivered it; and Tom turning to the woman, said, Here, take it, and go about your business. She replied, I humbly thank your Worship, you are an honest man, and have done me Justice.

The seaman at this decision wrung his hands and cried bitterly, I am ruined ! I am ruined ! it is every penny I had in the world. Well, quoth Tom, make haste after her, and take it from her. Accordingly he ran after her, and said, I must have it ! I will have my purse again. Then she fell about his ears and cuffed him. Nay, this did not satisfy her, for she dragged him before the Justice, and related, that the fellow wanted to have his purse again, which he in justice had given her.

Well then, said Tom, and has he got it ? No sir, said she, I think not, before he should have it from me, I would tear out both his eyes. Let me see it again, says Tom ; upon which she delivered it to him. Is all the money in it ? says Tom. Yes, Sir, replied she, there is every penny. Why then, says he, here, little Whipper Snapper, take your purse again ; and as for you, Mrs. Impudence, if you had defended your modesty as well as you did your money, I had never been troubled with this complaint. Here, Mr. Constable, give her one hundred lashes at the town whipping-post.—Which was accordingly done ; and Tom was ag-

plauded by the whole country for his suitable proceedings.

C H A P. VIII.

Tom gains the Love of his Master, and all the Family.

NOW, when his Master and he were returned from London, and he was informed how Tom had acted the Deputy in his absence, and understood his just proceedings, he laughed heartily, and for the jest gave him a suit of apparel, and made him steward over his estate.

Now it happened upon a certain day, that Tom was sent with an hundred guineas, which he was to pay to an old Usurer, whose name was Old Pinch Gut. When coming to his house, Tom found him at breakfast on a crust of bread, with a pint of ale standing by him, but the Usurer was so eager in telling his money, that he never regarded his ale, which Tom perceiving, drank it off, and having got a receipt in full, took leave, and returned home. But when the old Usurer found his ale was gone, and that Tom had drank it, he came raving home to Tom's

master, making sad lamentation how he had wronged him. The Justice to pacify the old Usurer, prays him to be contented, adding, That Tom should certainly make him satisfaction for the damage he had done to him. Which did in some measure appease his anger.

CH A P. XI.

Tom's Revenge on the Usurer for complaining to his Master.

ABOUT two months after Tom accidentally meets the old Usurer in a market town; where, taking him by the hand, he said, Sir, I am glad to see you, I have now got a fit opportunity to retaliate your wrongs; be pleased to accept of me part of a bottle of wine, in lieu of your pint of ale. Alas! quoth the old Usurer, that will be too much, No, no, replied Tom, I will give it you with all my good and sincere heart. Well, quoth the Usurer, I knew thou wert an honest fellow, and because it is thy love, I will accept of it: This said, they went both

into a tavern together, and were seated in an upper room next the street. A bottle of canary being brought, Tom drank a full glass to the Usurer, who pledged him in the like; so they plied it so close till the bottle was out, and he then called for another. Oh! quoth the old man, it is enough; for I am well satisfied for the injury you did me. Well, I thank you said Tom, that you will be friends with me; yet I will spend another bottle upon you, and in regard it is near noon, I will have a capon dressed, that we may dine together. O, said the Usurer, that will be too much charge. No, not at all, said Tom, it shall not cost you a penny in my company. Thou art a very good-natured man, said the Usurer. So the capon being dressed, it was brought up, and Tom bid him feed, for he was very welcome. Now when they had both dined, Tom called up the reckoning, and the drawer brought up ten shillings to pay. Well, quoth Tom, bring the other bottle, and make it an even dozen. It was brought, and Tom began to drink so briskly, that the bottle was soon empty. At which time Tom opened the window, and then

pretended that he saw a gentleman of his acquaintance, with whom he had some particular business. He gave a hem, and then saying he would run down and fetch him up, he scampered clear away, leaving the old Usurer to pay the reckoning, who after he had waited an hour, and found that Tom did not return, he called to the drawer, to know if the reckoning was paid? And when he was told it was not, he was ready to run mad, to think what a trick Tom had put upon him: Nevertheless; he was forced to discharge the reckoning, and afterwards went home with a heavy heart, and a much lighter purse than he came out with.

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CH A P. X.

Tom marries the Lady's Waiting Woman
and has by her an only Daughter.

THESE merry conceits and pleasant pranks gained Tom the love of all that knew him, especially of Ursula, the waiting gentlewoman, who was never so happy as when she was in his company:

She was no sooner gone, but Tom looked into a stone pot she used to keep her small beer in, and seeing the beer did not work, he with his cart-whip lays on the pot as hard as he could. The people seeing him, told his mother, who said, The knave will be hanged, and in that note went home. Tom seeing her coming, laid on as hard as he could drive, and broke the pots, which made the old woman say, O what hast thou done, thou villain? O, mother, said he, you told me it was proclaimed, those who do not work should be whipped; and I have often seen our pots work so hard that they foamed at the mouth; but these two lazy knaves will never work: So I have whipped them to death, to shew their fellows to work, or never to look me in the face again.

C H A P. IV.

Of Tom's displeasing the Mayor, though
he did what she bid him.



UPON a time Mother Winter sent her son Tom into the market, to buy her a pennyworth of soap, and bid him be sure to bring her change safe back. Tom told her he would; and to this end he goes and buys a pennyworth of soap, and hired two men with a hand-barrow to carry the same, and four men with the eleven-pence that remained for their pains; which put his mother in a passion, insomuch, that she caused him to be

sent to prison. Now the window joined to the Mayor of the town's parlour window. Tom, and some others of his fellow prisoners, having a cup of good liquor in their heads, began to roar, sing, and domineer. The Mayor hearing them in the night, charged them to leave off drinking, and sing psalms. Tom told him he would mend his life, if he would pardon his fault. The Mayor said, for that night he should be in prison for his misdemeanors, and upon amendment he would release him in the morning. He thanked the Mayor, and prevailed on him to lend him three shillings, which he spent upon those confined with him; which made them all be ruled by him. So when the Mayor was got to bed, they began to sing psalms so loud that the Mayor could not rest, so ordered one of his servants to bid them leave off singing. Tom said it was the Mayor's good council that they should sing, and sing they would as long as they continued in that place. Which made the Mayor bid the goaler turn them out without paying their fees.

CHAP.

CH A P. III.

Showing how Tom served his Hostess
and a Tobacco Seller.



It happened that Tom was sent of an errand forty miles from home; and at the inn he put up at, he chanced to lie in a room opening to the yard, wherein his hostess kept turkies, and Tom seeing them, thrust pins into two of their heads, and in the night they died. The woman in the morning wondering how these turkies died. Tom persuades her there was a vast sickness amongst them, and so she threw them away. Tom watching an opportunity, when she was busy, took the turkies away under his coat unseen,

but he finding them heavy, and seeing a man at the top of the hill who used to sell tobacco, leading his horse down the hill, Tom falls down, crying as if he had broke a leg, and made great lamentation of his being five or six miles from any town, and was likely to perish. The man asked where he lived? Tom replied, With such a knight. He knowing the gentleman, sat him his master's turkies, and then galloped away as fast as he could, crying out, I shall be killed. The



man seeing he was gone without the turkies, knew not what to do, for he thought if he left the turkies behind the knight might take it amiss: So carrying them on foot, lugging, fretting, and sweat-

ing to the next town, where he hired a horse to overtake Tom, but could not till he arrived at the knight's house, where Tom stood ready, calling to him, Oh! now I see thou art an honest fellow; I had thought you had set me upon a head-strong horse on purpose to deceive me of my two turkies. But he replied, Pox on your turkies and you too; I hope you will pay for the horse I got. Yes, that I will, indeed, said Tom.



C H A P. IV.

Shewing how he paid the Man for his Horse-hire.

TOM asked the man which road he intended to travel? Nay, said the other, I must go back with the horse I hired. Quoth Tom, what did you give for the hire of him? Five shillings, said the man. Well, said Tom, I will bring you so far in the way back, and save the five shillings. The place appointed being two miles off, he sent for some of his companions to meet him. Tom being come to the inn, called the ostler to take his horse, and give him some oats, and ordered a turkey to be roasted with all speed. Tom's companions being come he desired them to ply the person with drink, while he went to the host, and told him they came to be merry, and money being but short with him, desired he would lend him ten shillings upon his horse. The host readily lent it him, as knowing the money would be spent in his

chuse. So Tom went and gave the man five shillings for his horse hire, and spent the other freely. After supper Tom and his companions took their leaves, and the man went to bed. In the morning the man rose betimes, but could not have his horse unless he paid ten shillings; so seeing he was thus cozened again, paid him the money, and wished the devil might take all cheating knaves. And away he road, fretting to see himself thus abused



C H A P. V.

How Tom served some Gentlemen.

ONCE it happened that a company of gentlemen being disposed to be merry, rode some miles, and who would needs have Tom wait on them; and he was as willing as the gentlemen. But as they were coming home, one of them cut the reins of Tom's bridle; so that when he mounted, the reins broke; and his horse ran away with him into the middle of a vast heath, where stood the gallows, against which the horse stopped and rubbed himself. The gentlemen cried out, Tom, farewell. But Tom alighted from his horse, and made fast his reins, and with a sword cut three or four chips from off the gallows, and they jeered him; but to be even with them, next morning he sent the ostler for some spices, which he grated, and mixed with the chips of the gallows, all but a trifle he reserved for himself. Then with a full gallon of ale he entered the room, saying,

Gentlemen, if you will teaze me no more I will treat you with a gallon of ale and spice ; so here is to you. As he was drinking the ostler called him, and while he was gone the gentlemen drank up all the ale. Tom soon returned, and seeing the ale gone, said, Gentlemen, do you know the reason why my horse ran away with me to the gallows ? No, said one of them. Why then, said Tom, it was to fetch you some spice to your ale ; and if you want, I have more for you. And then produced more chips. Afterwards he left the gentlemen to laugh at their own folly.



C H A P. VI.

Tom rides Gossiping.



TOM heard of a company of old women, who met at a house-warming. These women having formerly abused Tom, he thought to be even with them. He goes therefore to an apothecary's, and buys a pound of purging comfits, and baked them in a cake, and dressed himself in woman's apparel, and getting up behind a man on horseback, went to the house, and asked if any women were there house-warming? None yet, said the maid. Then take this cake, said he, and if I come not, let them make merry with it. Then

away he went. Some supposed it was a midwife. They staid a long time, until finding that Tom, the supposed old woman did not return, they sat down to their meat. At last they eat their cake, which was not long in their bellies before it began to work; one went to stool, another to vomiting, all were sick. In the mean time Tom shifts into man's apparel, and went where those gossips were, and asked what was the matter? They said, They were poisoned. Marry, said Tom, God forbid; if you please to let me have a horse, I will fetch a medicine to expel the poison. Take a horse, said they. So into the stable he goes, takes three horses, and immediately rides to the doctor, and tells him, That such people of such a house, had eaten something that they could not go to stool, and desired him to send them some glysters directly; and that they had sent a horse for himself, and another for his man. The doctor, greedy of money, hasted thither with all his glyster-pipes, as fast as his horse could gallop. But the doctor no sooner entered into the house, but he smelt there was no need of glysters. In the mean time Tom

told all he met of what had happened to the gossips ; and he also told their husbands. This made such a noise, as to draw many to see them, which made them both sick and ashamed, as every body that saw them adjudged them to be drunk, and instead of comforting reviled them. At length they fell to scolding, and had certainly fought if their husbands had not fetched them home.



C H A P. VI.

Tom's Trick on some Gypsies.



IT happened one evening that there came a number of gypsies to town, whom Tom meeting, asked what they did there? they said, To tell people their fortunes, that they might avoid approaching danger. Said he, Where do you lay to-night? they replied they could not tell. Said Tom, If you can be content to lay in straw, I will shew you where you may lie both dry and warm. They thanked him, and said they would tell him his fortune for nothing. He thanked them, and conveyed them to a little thatched house filled with a quantity of straw, and which had a ditch round it.

close to the wall of the house, and there left them to take their rest, drawing up the bridge after him. In the dead of the night he got a long pole, with a large whisp of straw, and set the house on fire. One of the gypsies being the house in flames, called to the rest, and thinking to cross the bridge, fell into the ditch, crying out for help; while by Tom's means great part of the town stood to see the jest. As the gypsies came out of the ditch, the people let them go to the fire to warm themselves; where Tom told them, That seeing they could not foretel their own fortunes he would, which was, On the morrow morning they would be whipt for cheats, and in the afternoon hanged for setting the house on fire. The gypsies hearing this made haste to dry themselves, got out of the town before day-break, and never came there afterwards.

C H A P. VIII.

Of Tom's felling his Mother's Trivot,
and cheating an old Man.

ONE winter's dark night, Tom coming home late, fell with his arms before him, but at last run his nose against a post, and then dropped into a well crying, out, Help! help! The neighbours drew him out, and put him to bed, but having a looseness, he defiled the bed, which he said was the mud of the well. Just as he had said so, in came an old hot waterman, whom Tom asked for a drop; then framing a fit, he rose up and ran away with the man's bottle, and sold his mother's trivot for a pole and a falconner's bag, which being tied to his side; he reeling home with an owl on his fist, saying, It was gentleman-like to be betwixt an owl and a buzzard. Afterwards he told the hot waterman, he had sent his bottle to be filled.

CHAP.

C H A P. IX.

The Usage of Tom to a Singing-Man
in the West.

ONCE there was a singing man, that much offended Tom by his making a jest on him. Whereupon he put on his back an ox's hide, with the horns on his head, and lay in a place where he knew he must pass. At last he came. Up starts Tom, and follows him. The man seeing him, cries out, The devil, the devil. No, no, quoth Tom, I am Goodman Johnson's ghost, whom you owe five pounds to for good ale; therefore appoint some day, and pay me, or I will haunt you as long as you live. The man appointed that day se'nnight, and paid him. Tom bought fine cloaths, and sweethearts came about him like bees, but Tom kept a rope in his pocket, and being asked if he would marry, he would shew them the rope, saying, I will hang myself rather than commit matrimony, with any of you.

CHAP.

C H A P. X.

Of Tom's Courtship and Marriage with
Dicely Summer, the neat Maid of the
West.

CICELY Summer, whose nose was thin and fair, and shone like to bacon-rhine, was beloved by Tom Tram, who pined away for love of her. Yet he durst not speak, but whistled. At last, when Cicely took no notice of him, he burst out thus: O Cicely Summer, if old Mocher Winter's son and you were joined together, people will say, 'I here goes Summer and Winter. And if thou dost scold Winter will cool thy heart. At length they were married; but she scolded both Summer and Winter. Yet Tom lived by good ale, and his wife by eating oatmeal. And when Tom went to get drunk in the morning, she put mustard in his ale, making a caudle of mustard instead of eggs; which bit Tom most grievously by the nose; yet he would be very drunk the next day.

CHAP.

Several Merry Tales.

A Tale of a Scholar and a Tapster by
the Fire Side.

THE tapster said to the scholar, fir,
will you go to bed? No, quoth he,
for there are thieves abroad, and I would
not be took napping. So the tapster went
away. Soon after a ghost appearing to
the scholar with his head under his arm,
so he cried out help, help, thieves, and
said the devil had been with him with
his head under his arm, but if he came
again he would send him to the drawer
to take him away. Now it being a cold
night he said, I will warm my toes by
the fire, and then I will go to bed, and
so he did. The next morning the great
reckoning put the scholar out of his jest,
which made him say, He was too much
in earnest to pay such a reckoning, he
being but a poor Oxford Scholar.

Of a Country Fellow's being tricked out
out of his Money, by a Company of
strolling Gypsies.

ONE day a company of gypsies came
to a country fellow upon the road,
and told him his fortune. Among other
things, they told him his worst losses
were past, and he would not be troubled
with so many crosses as he had been.
Having sold a cow, he looked in his
purse for the money, but found never a
cross. He remembered the gypsies words,
that he should not be troubled with
crosses, for they had picked his pocket
and left him never a cross. Whereupon
his Wife began to cudgel him, which
made him reflect, that a man who has a
crusty wife shall never be without a cross.
Now it being winter he sat awhile by the
fire-side warming himself, and then went
to-bed supperless and pennyless.

Of a Farmer's Wife, her three Pigs, and
her Cock.

A Farmer's wife had three pigs, which she loved very well, and fed them so bravely, so as they befouled the rooms. Whereupon she resolved to sell them because they were all better fed then taught, but afterwards they were stolen away. So she imagined they were driven to London to learn matters. Her cock having a piece of red cloth sewed about him, was also stolen from his perch. Hereupon she said, Her cock was turned scholar, and wore a red gown, and went to conjuror to find her pigs and cock. The three pigs were flown home, and her cock was made a Batchelor of Arts in a college. I guessed so, said the woman, for all Batchelors of Arts are Coxcombs.

Of a man's being told how he might
escape Punishment for buying a stolen
Cloak.

ONE in the country having bought
a cloak of one that stole it, and being
threatened to be prosecuted for the same,
asked of an acquaintance how he might
come off? His friend replied, he would
tell him for a quart of sack. So away
they went to a tavern, and having drank
the sack, he desired to know how he
should proceed to get rid of such a trou-
blesome affair? His acquaintance replied,
ed, he would not tell him till they were
in the street. So going out of the tavern
Dost thou see, quoth he, yonder rope
maker's shop? do but buy a rope there
and hang thyself with it, and I will war-
rant thee, thou shalt come off, and never
be troubled about the matter.

10. JUL 92

F I N I S.

